

ULTIMATE

X-MEN

ISSUE

6

INVASION



MARVEL
COMICS

DIRECT EDITION



7 59606 05047 5
\$2.25 US \$3.50 CAN

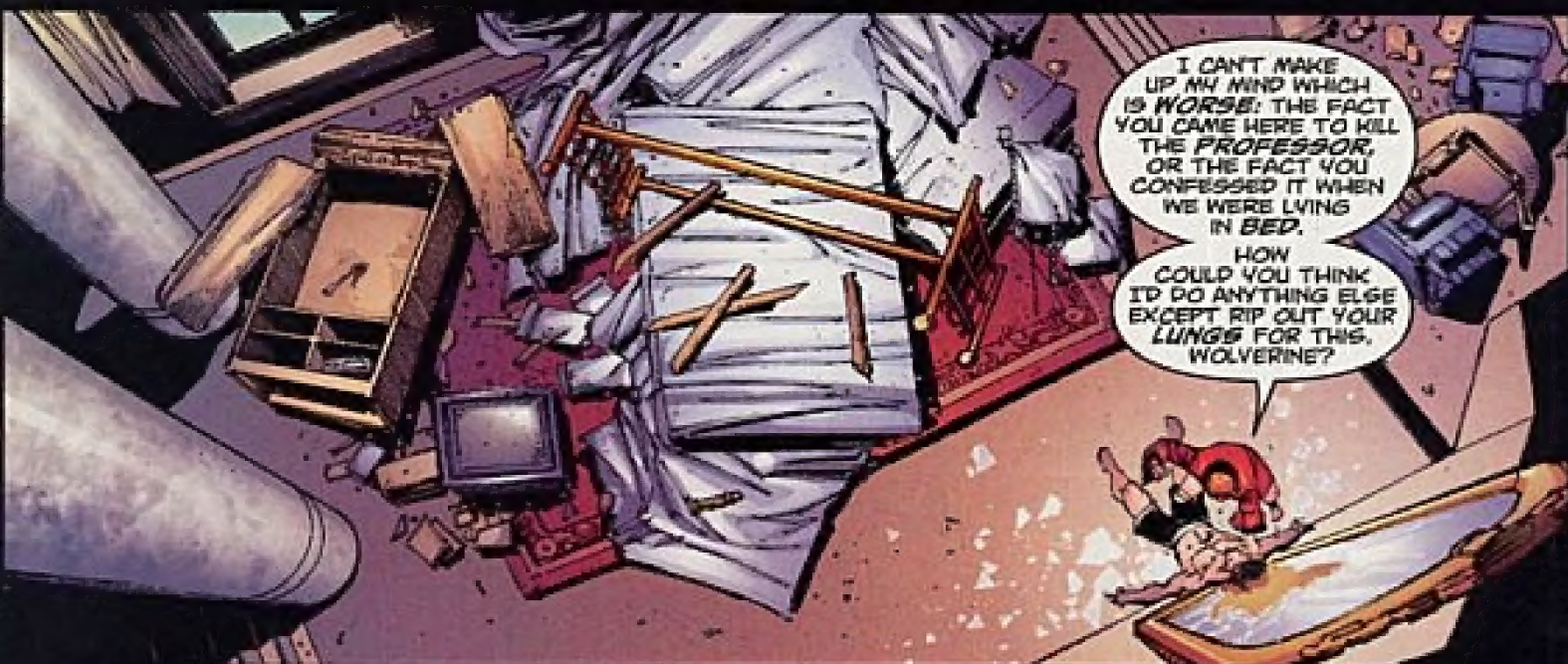
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YOU DIRTY,
TWO-FACED
SCUMBAG!



I CAN'T MAKE
UP MY MIND WHICH
IS WORSE: THE FACT
YOU CAME HERE TO KILL
THE PROFESSOR,
OR THE FACT YOU
CONFERRED IT WHEN
WE WERE LIVING
IN BED.

HOW
COULD YOU THINK
I'D DO ANYTHING ELSE
EXCEPT RIP OUT YOUR
LUNGS FOR THIS,
WOLVERINE?



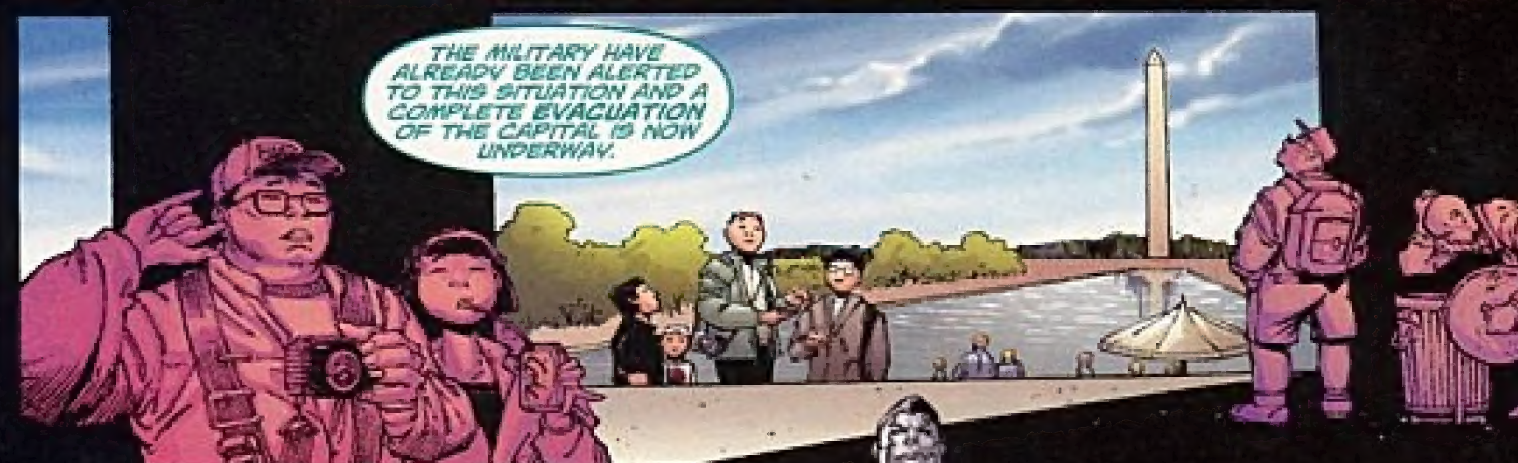
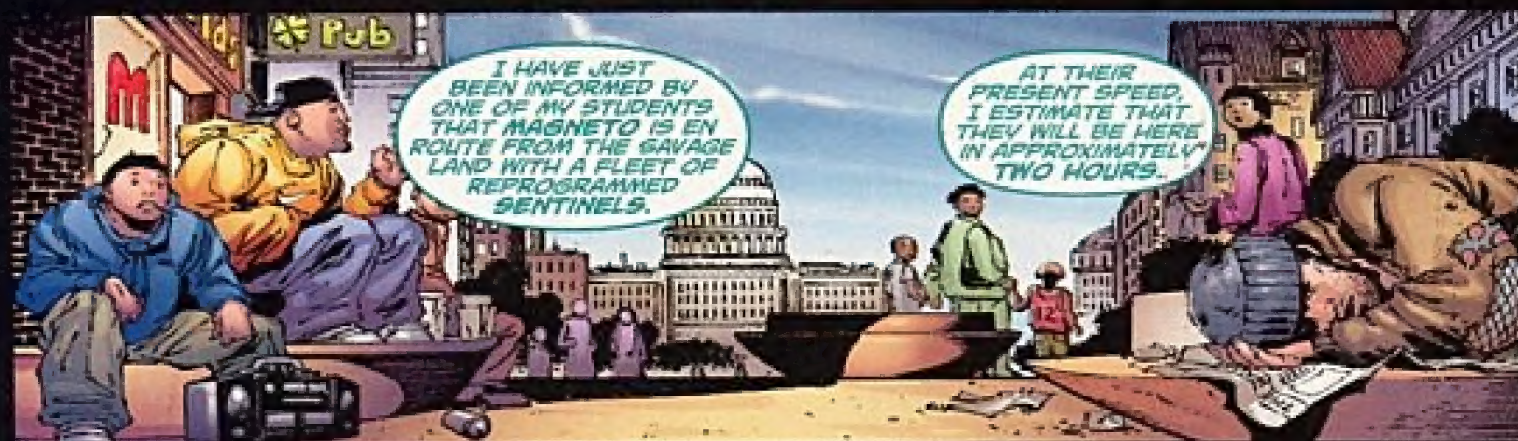
BECAUSE I TURNED FOR
YOU, JEANNE. I CAME HERE
HATING XAVIER'S GUTS, BUT
ENDED UP FALLING FOR HIS BIG
IDEA JUST LIKE THE REST
OF YOU PEOPLE.

TO TELL THE
TRUTH, I KINDA FIGURED
YOU'D BE HAPPY TO
HAVE ANOTHER SHEEP
IN YOUR FOLD.

YOU'LL SEE
HOW HAPPY I AM
WHEN I SHOVE THIS
CANDLESTICK UP
YOUR --



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CYCLOPS,
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

HOME.
WHERE DO YOU
THINK?

I CAN'T
JUST STAND HERE LIKE
AN IDIOT WHILE JEAN AND
THE OTHERS GET THEIR HEADS
CRACKED OPEN BY THAT LUNATIC
FATHER OF YOURS, WANDA.

BUT THEY'LL BE HALFWAY
TO WASHINGTON ALREADY,
SCOTT. YOU HAVEN'T A
HOPE OF CATCHING UP
WITH THEM NOW.

I HAVE TO
TRY. I CAN'T LET
WHAT HAPPENED HERE
HAPPEN BACK HOME.
NOT WHILE THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE TO DO
SOMETHING.

BUT YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING, CYCLOPS. EVEN
AT FULL SPEED, THE BLACKBIRD ISN'T GOING
TO GET YOU THERE IN TIME. YOU'RE JUST
NOT FAST ENOUGH.

MAYBE NOT,
QUICKSILVER --

-- BUT
YOU
ARE.

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU
STOOD UP TO YOUR FREAKIN'
DAD FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE
ANYWAY, YOU LITTLE
SHOT?



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PEOPLE

PART
6
OF
6



OKAY, BEAST AND COLOSSUS, YOU'RE ON CROWD CONTROL. ICEMAN AND STORM, WE'RE SUPPORTING THE AIR FORCE. DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY LAST MINUTE QUESTIONS BEFORE WE BEGIN?

CAN I GO TO THE BATHROOM, PLEASE, MARVEL GIRL?

NO, BUT YOU CAN STOP THE STUPID JOKES, STORM. THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR BEING FLIPPANT, AND THIS MOST DEFINITELY ISN'T IT.

I'M COUNTING THREE TO FOUR HUNDRED SENTINELS UP THERE, AND THEY'RE PACKING ENOUGH HEAT TO LEVEL WASHINGTON, D.C. TEN TIMES OVER, BOYS AND GIRLS.



SCREW THIS UP AND PEOPLE DIE.

OKAY, OKAY, WE GET THE PICTURE, JEAN.

SHUT UP.



I'M
FREAKING
OUT HERE AS
IT IS.

NO, YOU'RE NOT,
COLOSSUS. YOU'RE
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS
OF ORGANIC STEEL AND
ONE OF THE WORLD'S
MOST POWERFUL
MUTANTS.

YOU CAN
FLATTEN DIAMONDS
BETWEEN YOUR
FINGERTIPS, FOR
GOD'S SAKE --



-- HOW
COULD A SENTINEL
GIVE YOU GRIEF,
TRACTOR-BOY?

THESE THINGS
WERE ANCIENT
HISTORY THE SECOND
YOU GOT OUT OF BED
THIS MORNING.



HEH!
WANNA TELL
ME HOW COOL
I AM TOO,
JEANY?

MARVEL GIRL
WHEN WE'RE IN THE
FIELD, ICEMAN.

STORM:
WHERE ARE YOU,
GIRL? ON A COFFEE
BREAK?

THOSE USAF
JETS ARE GETTING
MASSACRED UP
THERE.

OH,
LIKE I DIDN'T
NOTICE?



STORM, IT'S
BEAST! I'M NOT SURE
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
TO THOSE THINGS,
BUT I'M OFFICIALLY
IMPRESSED.

IS
THAT BALL-
LIGHTNING
YOU JUST
CONJURED
UP?



YEAH -- I
FOUND THE
RECIPE ON THAT
ATMOSPHERIC
ANOMALIES WEB
SITE YOU LINKED
ME TO AFTER
OUR LAST DANGER
ROOM SESSION,
HENRY.



FACING
OFF AGAINST
THE SENTINELS ISN'T
NEARLY AS TERRIFYING
WHEN YOU'RE HIDING IN A
CORNER AND TAKING
THEM OUT LONG-
DISTANCE.





LISTEN CAREFULLY,
HOMO SAPIENS. BECAUSE
I WILL SAY THIS ONLY
ONCE: YOUR REIGN AS
EARTH'S DOMINANT
SPECIES IS FORMALLY
AT AN END.



THE CREATURE YOU
REGARDED AS THE
MOST POWERFUL MAN
ALIVE HAS JUST LICKED
MY BOOTS CLEAN.

HIS EXECUTION NOW WILL
SERVE AS A WARNING TO
ANY OTHER WORLD LEADERS
WHO REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE
THEIR NEW POSITION IN THE
COMING GLOBAL ORDER.

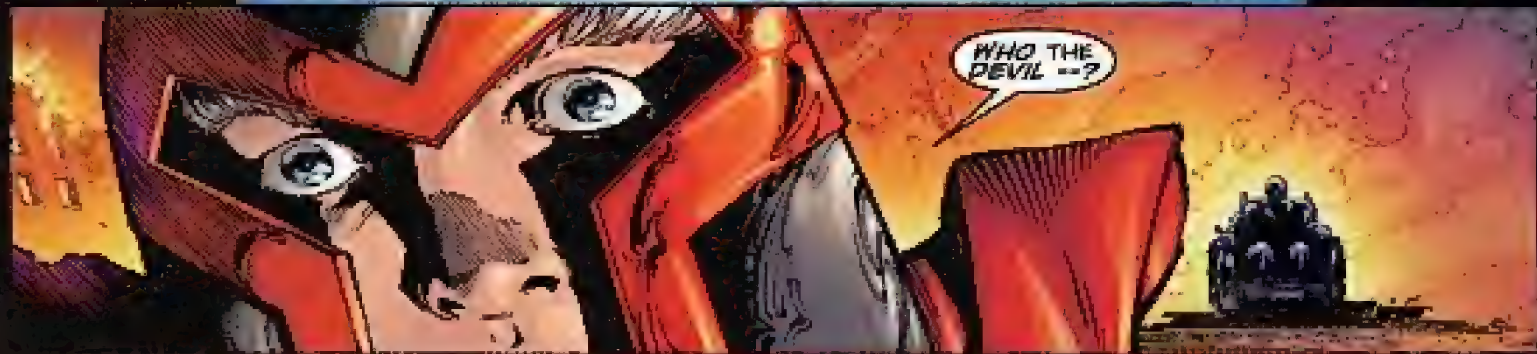


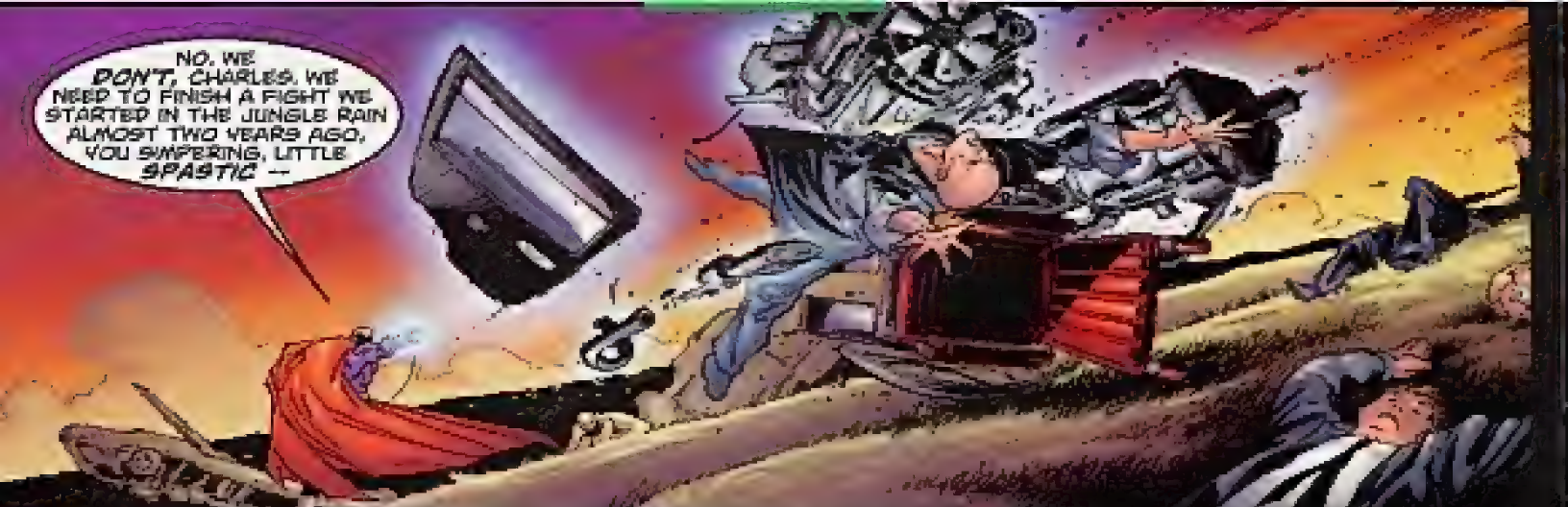
AMERICA DIES
TONIGHT AT THE AGE OF
TWO HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-FIVE.

YOUR
INTOLERANCE AND
ALL-CONSUMING
GREED WILL NOT
BE MISSED.

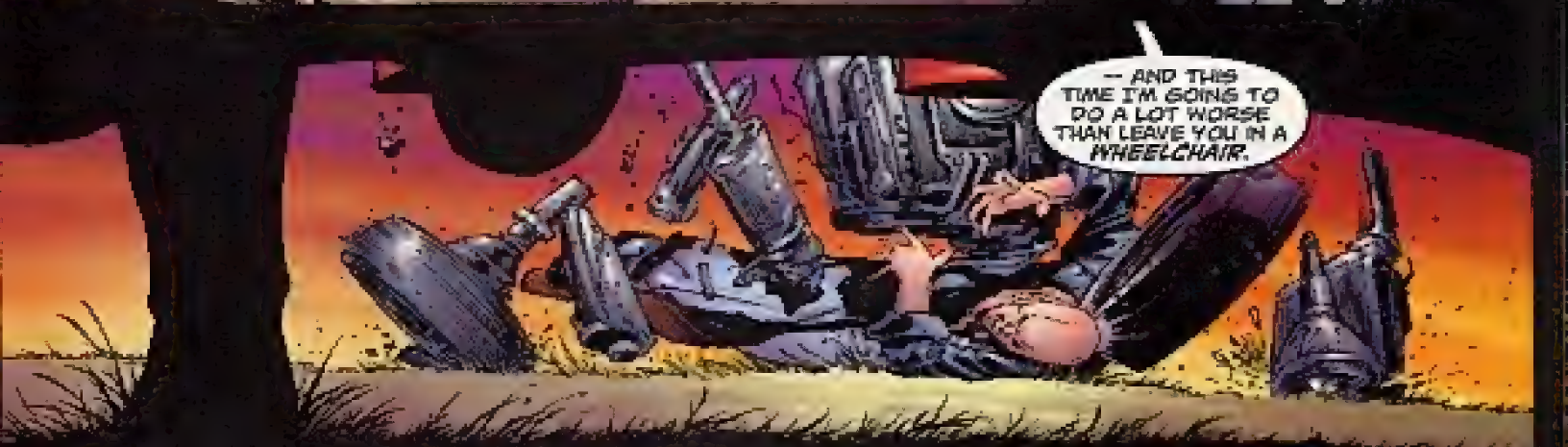


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NO, WE
DONT, CHARLES. WE
NEED TO FINISH A FIGHT WE
STARTED IN THE JUNGLE RAIN
ALMOST TWO YEARS AGO,
YOU SMILING, LITTLE
SPASTIC —



— AND THIS
TIME I'M GOING TO
DO A LOT WORSE
THAN LEAVE YOU IN A
WHEELCHAIR.



WILL SOMEBODY HELP ME
OUT HERE? I'M OPERATING
AT FIFTY PERCENT
AGILITY —

— BUT SEEM TO BE
ATTRACTING THREE TIMES
AS MANY SENTINELS AS
EVERYBODY ELSE.

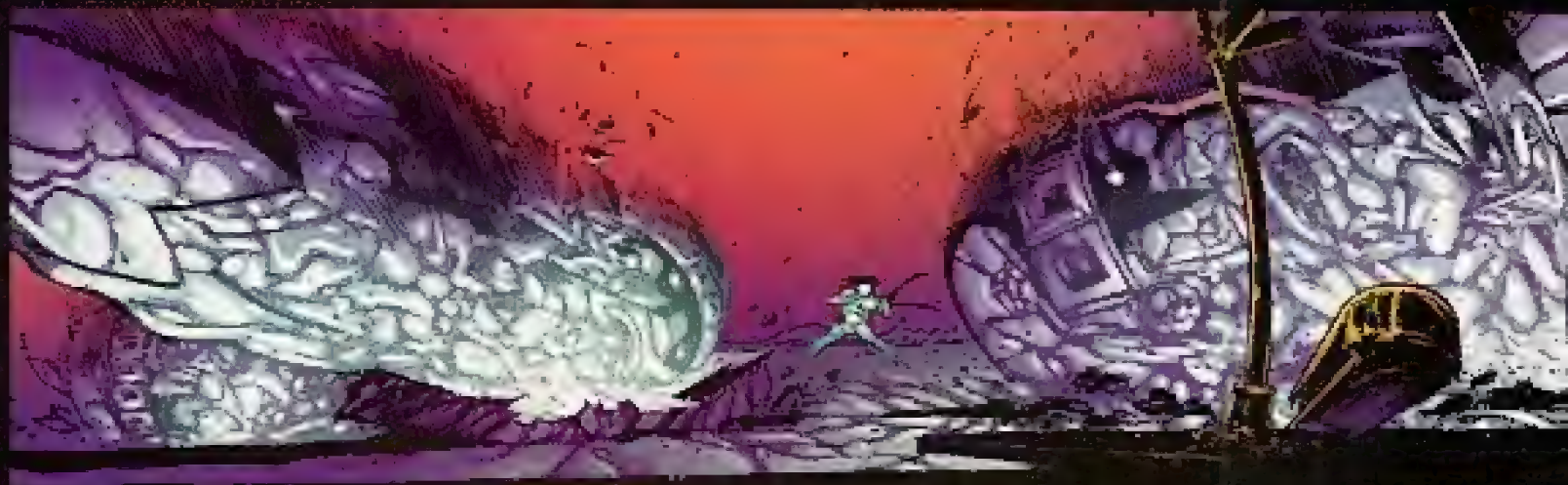
THEY
PROBABLY JUST
THINK YOU'RE THREE
DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN
A SINGLE COSTUME,
BEASTIE —





DON'T MESS WITH THE ICEMAN, BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOBBY, FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT OF THE WAY. THOSE THINGS ARE COMING DOWN RIGHT ON TOP OF US!



YOU KNOW, IN SOME WAYS, YOUR DEATH MEANS MORE THAN THE MURDER OF THAT SHIFTY LITTLE DADDY'S BOY ANYWAY, CHARLES.

THE WORLD WATCHING ME KILL YOU PROVES HOW ABHORRENT I FIND YOUR INTEGRATIONIST AGENDA, AND THE LENGTHS TO WHICH I'LL GO TO KEEP HUMANITY IN THEIR PENS.



I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW FRUSTRATING THIS MUST BE FOR YOU, OLD FRIEND. THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL BRAIN ONLY MOMENTS FROM EXTINCTION...

OH, HOW
YOU MUST RUE
THE DAY I BUILT
THIS THOUGHT-
PROOF HELMET,
EH?

ANY FINAL
PEARLS OF WISDOM
BEFORE I SPRAY THAT
BEAUTIFUL MIND ACROSS THE
WORLD'S TELEVISION
SCREENS?

NOTHING SPRINGS TO MIND
IMMEDIATELY, ERIC, BUT I HAVE
MY SUSPICIONS THAT YOU'VE
JUST UTTERED YOURS.



WHAT?

YOU
HEARD
THE MAN,
BUB.





WOLVERINE!
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



DO I
REALLY
NEED
TO SPELL IT
OUT?



I'M PLAYING FOR
THE OTHER TEAM
NOW, FREAK.

YOU TOLD US LIFE WAS JUST A CHOICE
BETWEEN MAN WIPING US OUT AND THE HOMO
SAPIEN HOLOCAUST YOU ALWAYS WANTED,
BUT CHARLIE XAVIER OFFERED ME
A THIRD OPTION.

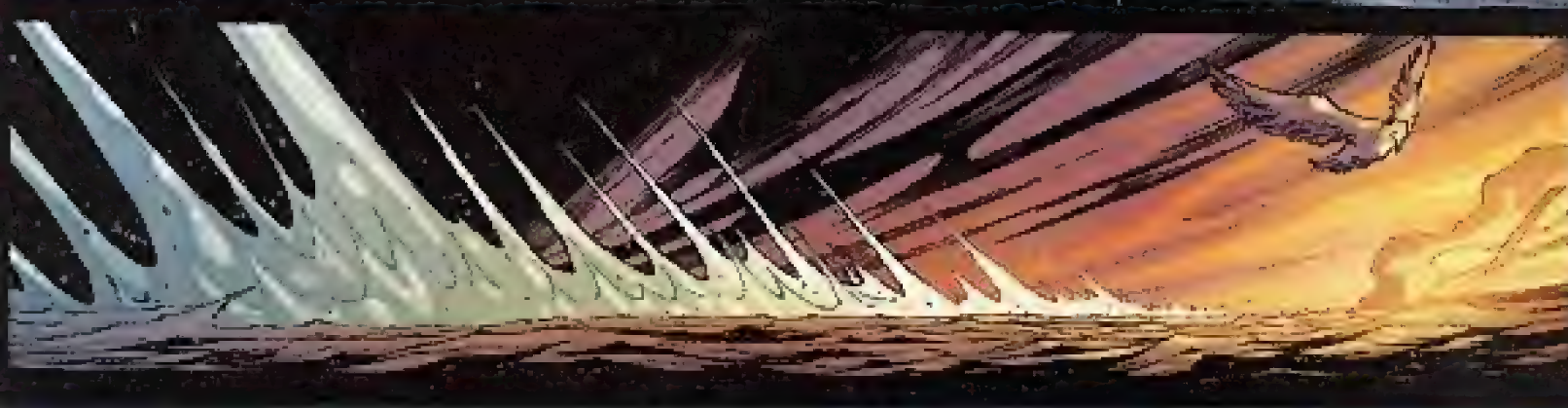
AND WHAT'S
THAT? EMBRACING A
SPECIES WHICH TORTURED
YOU LIKE A LAB MONKEY?

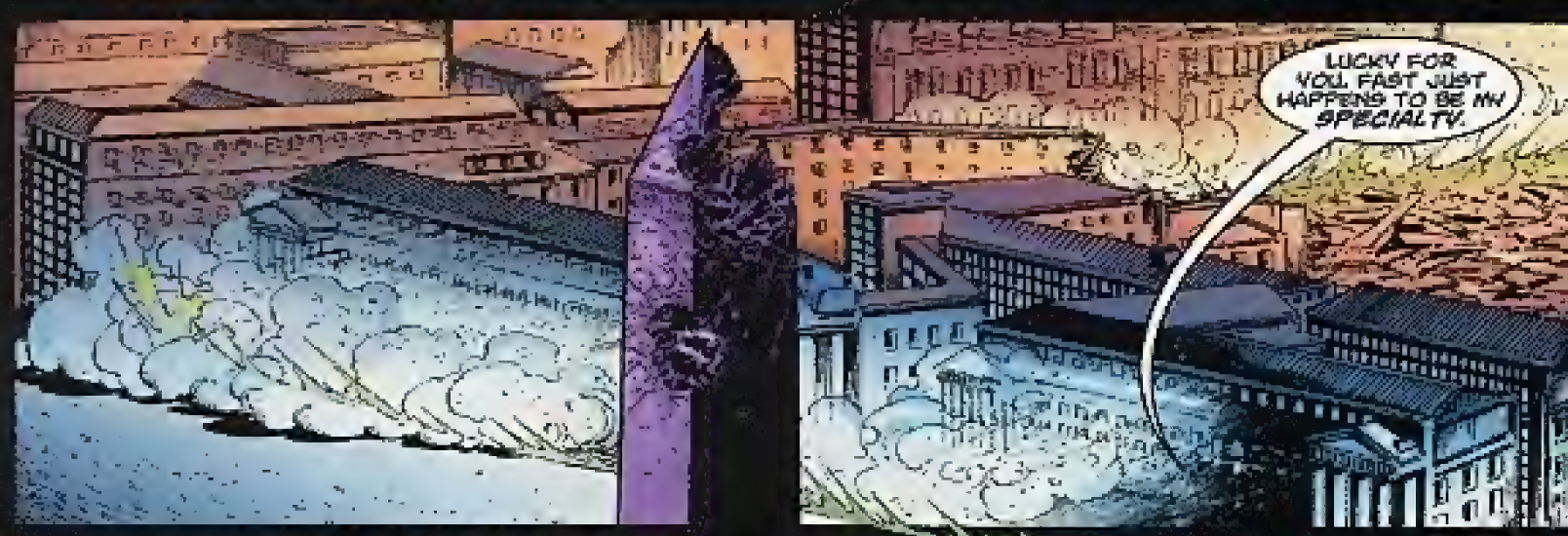
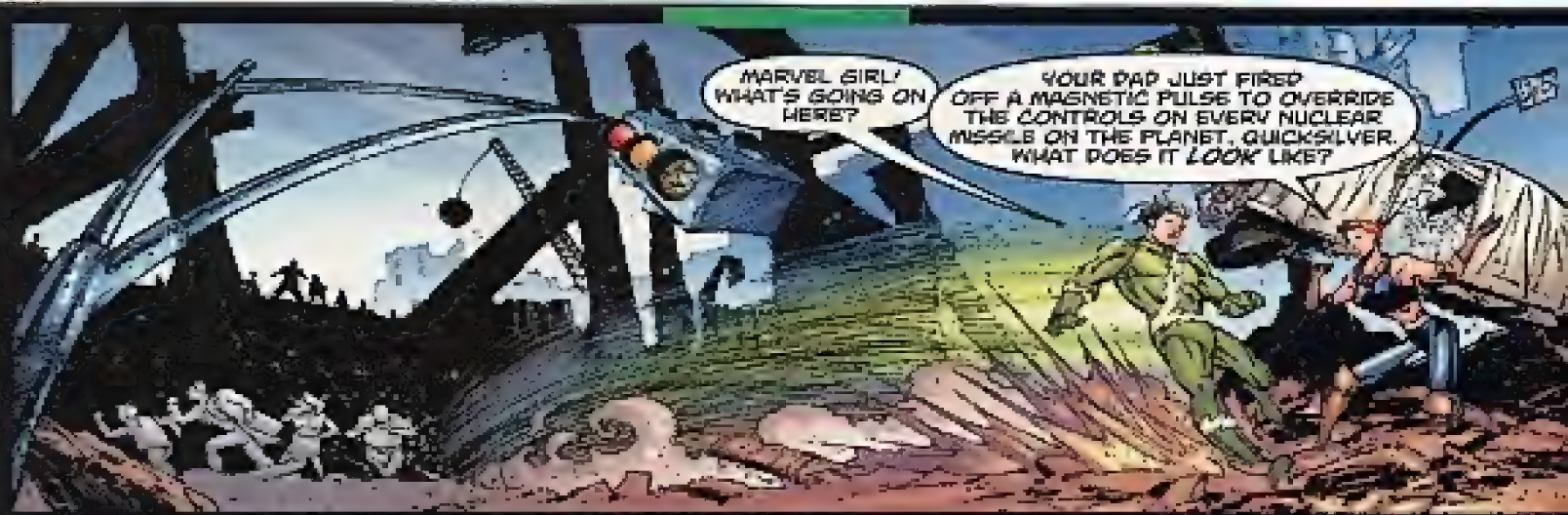


NO,
TEACHING
'EM WE'RE ALL
HUMAN!



YOU KNOW,
I THINK I LIKED
YOU A LOT BETTER
WHEN YOU WERE
CYNICAL AND
HEARTLESS,
WOLVERINE.



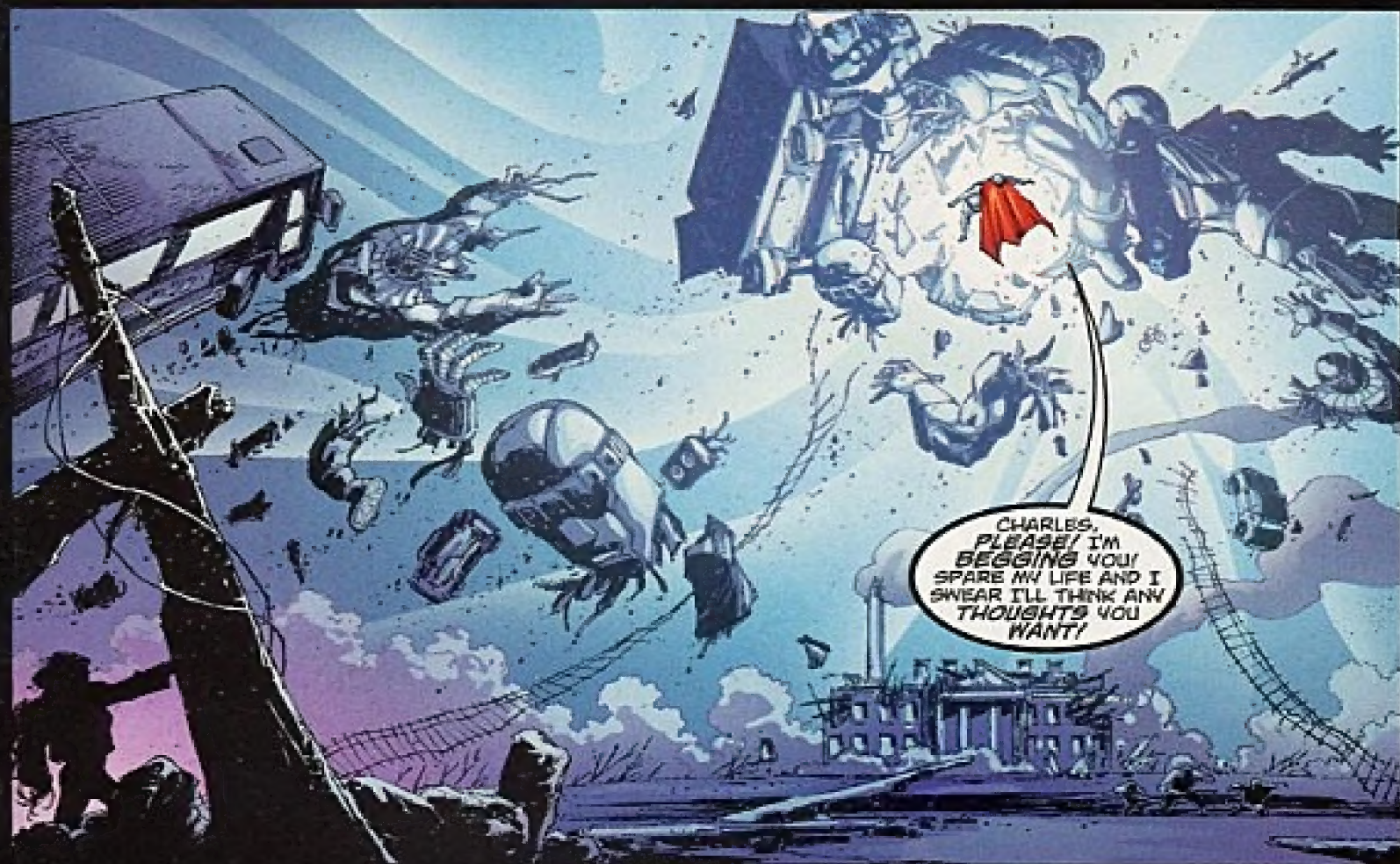


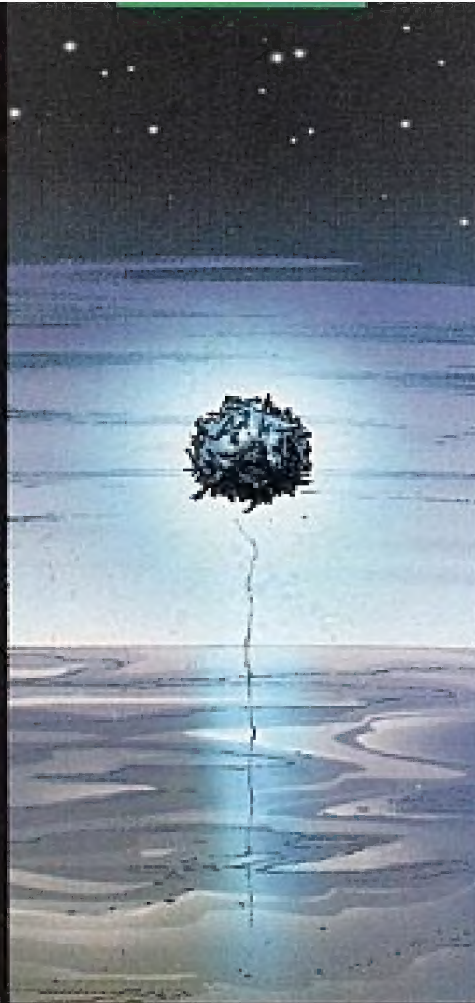


A comic book panel depicting a character in a purple suit being crushed by a giant, blue, swirling hand. The character is shown in a dynamic, falling pose, with a large, bloody wound on his chest. The background is a swirling, blue, ethereal energy. The character's face is contorted in pain, and he is screaming. A speech bubble indicates he is being crushed.

AAAARGH!!

GET OUT
OF MY HEAD,
YOU STUPID
CRIPPLE!





81 THE XAVIER INSTITUTE
FOR GIFTED CHILDREN.

IT'S GOOD TO
HAVE YOU BACK,
CYCLOPS.

IT'S GOOD TO
BE BACK, SIR. I'M
JUST GLAD I DIDN'T LET
EVERYONE DOWN TOO
MUCH BY STORMING
OUT OF HERE LIKE
THAT.

NOT AT ALL,
SCOTT. YOU WERE
THERE WHEN YOU WERE
NEEDED AND THAT'S
THE ONLY THING THAT
MATTERS.

THIS ENTIRE
EPISODE HAS WORKED
OUT PRECISELY AS I
WOULD HAVE WANTED.

EVEN
WOLVERINE?

AS FAR AS
I'M CONCERNED,
WOLVERINE
HAS MORE THAN
PROVED HIMSELF AS
AN X-MAN, YOUNG
SCOTT.

HE'S
AS WELCOME
IN THESE
CORRIDORS AS
ANYONE --

--ALTHOUGH, FROM
WHAT I HEAR, HE'S
LEAVING IN THE MORNING
TO TAKE CARE OF SOME
UNFINISHED BUSINESS
ELSEWHERE.

REALLY? I
HADN'T
HEARD.

DON'T
LOOK TOO
DISAPPOINTED,
MR. SUMMERS.



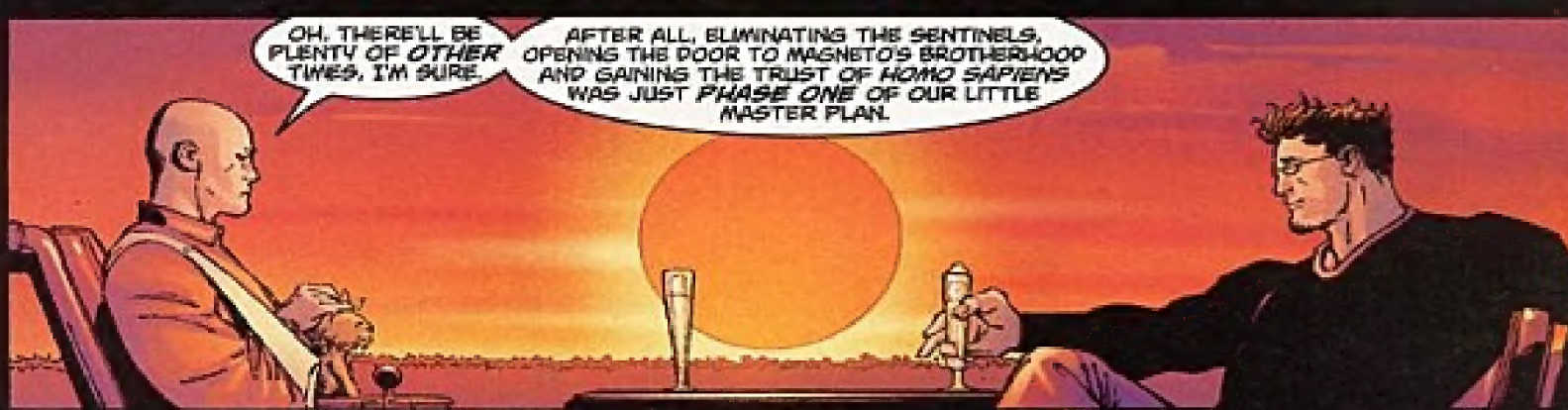
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED IN WASHINGTON. I MEAN, ARE YOU SURE PEOPLE ACTUALLY *CHEERED* WHEN YOU WON?

WELL, WE DID JUST SAVE THE *PRESIDENT*, PLUS THREE HUNDRED MILLION OF OUR *FELLOW AMERICANS*, *CYCLOPS*. A LITTLE ROUND OF APPLAUSE WAS HARDLY *UNJUSTIFIED*.



I KNOW, I KNOW -- IT'S JUST THAT I'M SO USED TO PEOPLE THROWING *BOTTLES* AT US AFTER WE RESCUE THEM.

I REALLY WISH I COULD HAVE BEEN THERE TO SEE EVERYTHING WE ALWAYS WANTED TO *COME TOGETHER* LIKE THAT.



OH, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF *OTHER* TIMES, I'M SURE.

AFTER ALL, ELIMINATING THE SENTINELS, OPENING THE DOOR TO MAGNETO'S BROTHERHOOD AND GAINING THE TRUST OF *HOMO SAPIENS* WAS JUST *PHASE ONE* OF OUR LITTLE MASTER PLAN.



PHASE TWO PROMISES TO BE A LOT MORE INTERESTING.

NEXT: **WEAPON X**